☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

## THE REASON WHY.

He did not seem a man for deeds
Malicious or inhuman,
He ever had a helping hand
For friendless man or woman;
Out in the busy working world
He wrought, each daylight hour,
And men deferred to him, as one
Whose word was law and power.

Then why, within his pretty home,
Once filled with joy and gladness,
Stands he with bated breath, and air
Of deep remorse and sadness?
He has a conscious look, I think,
So shy and hesitating;
He seems a very knave confessed,
And for his sentence waiting.

If storms without assailed his peace,
The hearts at home would aid him,
Now why do wife and sisters dear
With chidings stern upbraid him?
Come, let me whisper in your ear,
I'll solve the question may be,
They serve their fellow mortal thus
Because he waked the baby.

—*Mrs. A. R. Treat, in Texas Siftings.*

## CATCHING WILD HORSES.

### 'Gene Bell, the "Wild Horse King," on the Mad Chase.

**An Exciting Occupation Now Gone But Not Forgotten—A Long Race in Which Brains Count—Peculiar Custom of Wild Horses.**

The day of the wild horse and the wild horse catcher is over. For nearly twenty years a number of men skilled in the capture of the untamed, arch-necked, mane-flowing denizen of the great plains have gained a livelihood and even a competence. But this once profitable calling has constantly grown more laborious and less remunerative, and this year the horse-catchers have gone reluctantly at other occupations or have drifted to the Pan-Handle of Texas or a strip of country in Northwestern Wyoming and Northwestern Nebraska, where a few of the "fleet equines of the desert" still roam in decimated bands. There are a small number of these wild horses still to be found, it is true, on the Republican river in Eastern Colorado, and on the Arickaree river, a tributary. But these are the sole remnants of what a score of years ago were a noticeable and attractive feature of the plains and ranked for numbers almost with the buffalo. Though valueless when killed and difficult of capture except by the most experienced, still the horse has outlasted its shaggy-coated contemporary but a few years, and soon, with the wild Indian as well as the buffalo, will have become a tradition.

At the head of the men who, by the extinction of the wild horse, find it necessary to now seek some more prosaic occupation is 'Gene Bell of Brush Station, Colo. Mr. Bell has made his livelihood for ten years capturing these interesting animals. He was born in the rear end of a prairie-schooner in 1857 and claims to be the first person who can call Colorado his native State. As he was born on the great plains he has since lived continuously upon them, and although but a boy when he began the difficult calling of a horse-catcher he soon reached a pre-eminence by skill and endurance that gave him the title of the "Wild Horse King."

So much has been written of the horse of the plains, which, foaled upon the dew kissed grass of the prairie, has never known a halter or the touch of a man's hand, that descriptive reference to their fleetness, wariness, and oftentimes their graceful beauty, particularly among the stallions, would at this day lack interest. But one curious fact is known to but few aside from those who have followed them for hundreds of miles and studied their habits closely. If there are enough in a band, these animals group by thirteens. The regulations of the wild horse allow to each male twelve consorts, and, the remarkable feature is, no more. They draw the line at an even dozen. Even when the bands that roamed these great plains, then tenantless except by other wild creatures, numbered in the hundreds and more than a thousand this peculiar division into families was plainly noticeable. They kept a little apart and never voluntarily mingled.

Usually the occupation of capturing the untamed steeds was followed by three men working together. They used four or five hardy, fleet, well-trained horses. When the section of the country the wild animals frequented was reached, the first thing was to select a suitable location, at the entrance of a ravine generally, for a corral. This the catchers knew how to construct, using great quantities of rope, very speedily. Then near this corral, on the most sightly eminence, one man stationed himself. A distance beyond it, on the apparently most natural runway, another man with one of the fleetest of saddle horses takes his station. The work of the most skilled man of the three then begins. Mounted upon the picked horse of the lot, with a pair of field-glasses, a water-bag, and a supply of food, he swings away in the earliest dawn on an easy lope. It may be ten or twenty miles before his keen eyes, aided by the glasses with which he sweeps the broad expanse of rolling plain, detect a grazing band of horses. He approaches them by the easiest course which will permit concealment as long as possible, and then, within a few hundred yards, he dashes into sight and the sport is begun.

The affrighted animals stand for an instant, the morning breeze fanning their luxuriant manes and tails. They snort in alarm, turn and trot off, at first, and then, as it is apparent this strange creature is pursuing, break into a run. It is now that the race is to both the swift and the enduring. The trained horse, on which the man is astride, knows his part of the work, and he does it intelligently. With head well down, swinging out on a long, swift lope, he follows the fleeing band. They run madly, become more and more affrighted as they perceive that they are indeed pursued. The first wild burst of speed carries them far in advance, but not out of sight. By dexterous engineering the rider and horse behind shorten the distance as much as possible. The band ahead are to be kept on the move. That is the trick. Not a halt are they to get for a bite of grass or sup of water. They have set the course in a generally straightaway direction. That course they must be kept upon.

Mile after mile is rapidly covered. The sun comes up hot and scorching in the cloudless sky. But there is no stop for a restful graze, nor opportunity for a drink from a chance stream. If the band ahead, with tails streaming and nostrils dilated, divert from the general direction to sweep around the base of a low ridge, the wary horseman and his equally wise animal take the shorter and easier way, cutting the sequent, as it were, but always ever in sight and always coming, coming. The fright of the wild horses has grown into veritable terror. They throw bits of foam from their mouths. They are worried, half crazed by this merciless, continuous, unrelenting pursuit. But the man behind knows that they will soon do something that is, perhaps, as strange as their peculiar habits of community relation. He has rested his horse at every opportunity. Whenever there was a chance, his faithful animal has been given a nibble at the succulent grass and had a sup from a spring or little stream. Ridden though he is, the tough and experienced plains pony is fresher than the fleeing equines ahead. They now show signs of the greatest perturbation. Their stomachs are empty, their wind is "blown," their tongues are dry. But fear makes them half unconscious of these sufferings, although they are gradually wearing under them. At length, when they have gone forty or fifty or perhaps sixty miles, the patriarch begins to run in an eccentric way. He is not as sure of his course as he was. He wheels and turns and then goes ahead again, but with uncertainty.

It is this the shrewd man and shrewd pony knew would happen. They drop out of sight for a moment behind the ridge. The stallion, his nostrils dilated and quivering and his eyes flashing, makes a sudden run, and in another moment, with his band of faithful spouses, he is galloping back over the track he has come.

Now is the race in earnest and to the bitter end. The nervy, gamy, swift horse behind knows that his energies have been saved for the task that is yet before him. As he feels the spur he springs ahead with the racing blood aflame in his veins. It is a terrific chase. New terror at this extraordinary, this unlooked for denouement of what the fleeing animals ahead had thought in their brute instinct was a successful ruse to throw the pursuer off the track, gives them desperate strength, too; but they are worn and fretted and starved and burning with thist. They run for their lives. Nearer, mile after mile they approach the starting place. The sun is ablaze aften noonday, but still the hot race goes on. Now faithful, plucky, speedy pony, bearing a saddle-worn but grimly determined man, do your best. Your strong legs will fail, sinewy as they are. The faster you run the quicker your day's terrible effort is over.

The man left behind on the eminence is sweeping the plains with his powerful glasses. He has watched an hour, perhaps two, or even three. At last his range of vision becomes centered upon something away in the distance. It may be a bunch of antelope. It may be a band of wild horses that are running for play. But as he watches closer he discerns it is not sport that causes that moving group of specks. He trains the glasses intently until at last he can see behind the running animals a solitary horse, and that horse has a rider. He is in the saddle with a bound, calls to another horse grazing near, and away they fly towards this approaching cavalcade. He runs the horses as swiftly as he can, and at length spies plainly, perhaps two or three miles away, the fleeing bunch, and behind them in hot chase the gallant horse and rider. A signal tells him he too has been seen, and then, seizing the topographical features of the intervening space, he skulks swiftly behind the ridges and elevations to cross the course. This is something which requires rare judgment of the speed of the running band, and a deft choice of the friendly ridges which he must pursue, keeping out of sight of the worn and terrorized animals whose attention should not be detracted from the relentless pursuer behind. The trick, though, is well done, and while the wary but still dauntless stallion and his following mares sweep around the base of an elevation the tired, gamy pony and the two fresh horses and men meet. As quickly as saddles can be transferred the gallant horse that has made a run of seventy-five, eighty-five, or possibly ninety miles is free and rolling on the grass, and the iron-muscled man who bestrode him is on another fleet and fresh horse and again hot after the quarry. It has been human brain against horse brain. The reinforcements have thus far won the day.

Now follows the most skillful maneuvering. The terrorized band can not run much farther. They have almost exhausted even their well-nigh tireless vitality. They again became confused and resort to their last device. Their straight away tactics are deserted and they commence running in a circle. At first it is two miles in diameter. The pursuer makes his circle in a little less space. The diameter reduces to a mile. The man on horseback runs but the circumference of a circle, a distance inside. Gradually this grows less. The poor, panting, exhausted creatures stagger around, determined to die in what they think is their only means of escape. They have entirely lost their reason, if such it might be called. Narrower and narrower becomes their course, until at last, with the sun sinking low in the west, they stand, panting, weaving back and forth, conquered for the time. They may have run one hundred miles. Mr. Bell states that he has had chases to greatly exceed that distance.

The three men close in on them and skillfully drive them towards the corral. Among them and in their lead now has come a strange saddleless horse; but they are too bewildered to know it. This horse slowly marks the course guided by the men driving, and at last leads within the half-concealed seclusion the thirteen prisoners.

Once there the wild horses are wild no longer. They are captives sure and safe. They may rest, and graze, and drink, but escape they can not.

A day or two afterward the preliminary breaking to halter is done. This is both dangerous and exciting work. The wild animal is caught by a rope and thrown. While down, choked into half insensibility, the jacquima is adjusted. This is a noose loop, and when tightened hurts the sensitive mouth of the unbroken animal terribly. Next comes the saddle, ofttimes requiring an hour's patient work to adjust. But when once in place and the rider on the back that has never borne a burden, the final struggle is made until the man conquers and the free, fearless, swift-limbed Pegasus of the plains is a servant.

Last year Bell caught forty horses. He drove them to Nebraska and sold them for about sixty dollars each. This year he has caught but half the number, and regretfully says that the day of the wild horse is over. One source of revenue, which has been no small consideration during the last five years to the horse-catchers, was the bounty paid for stray animals found in the bands. The Colorado Live Stock Association has paid fifteen dollars a head for all such horses and they are then turned over to the owners upon the repayment of this money. The offering of this reward became a necessity, because if there is one trick a wild horse knows better than another and will always, play it is to coax off with him into a career of perpetual truancy every animal of his class he chances to find. The wild horse of Colorado particularly has always been a superior animal in point of appearance, fleetness, and endurance to those running in Texas or on the ranges farther north. Why this is so is not unexplainable, but it is a fact that in the bands along the Platte and Republican rivers the animals have always been found larger and better, more particularly for saddle use. There are in Denver now a number of attractive saddle horses, highly prized by their owners, that but three or four years ago roamed at their own sweet will amoug the succulent pasturage of Eastern Colorado and knew neither bit nor spur.—*Chicago Times.*

## MR. AND MRS. JONES.

**They Deprecated Family Broils, But Quarreled About Their Wedding Day.**

"It's very strange," remarked Jones to his spouse, as he laid aside the paper he had been reading, "that men and their wives will wrangle and fight in the manner they do."

"It is indeed," rejoined Mrs. Jones, putting up her knitting. "Thank goodness no one can point their finger at us and say we ever quarreled; can they, love?"

"No dear; I trust that we love each other too well for that. Here we have been married nearly five years, and never yet have the waters of our conjugal sea been ruffled by a single ripple of contention or strife."

"It's nearly six years, darling," corrected Mrs. Jones, sweetly."

"Why, no, my dear, it is but five years. You are mistaken."

"Surely, you forget, Constantine! You know how uncertain your memory is sometimes."

"I know nothing of the kind," retorted Jones, getting red in the face. "You don't suppose I've been asleep for a year, do ye?"

"I guess I ought to know when we were married!" replied she curtly, shifting about uneasily in her chair. "It was in September, 1882—nearly six years ago."

"In September, 1883—nearly five years ago, you mean."

"I don't mean any such thing! I mean just what I said!"

"Why don't you call me a liar, and be done with it. I'm a confounded idiot, am I, and don't know whether I'm a bachelor or a hen-pecked husband, eh?" and Jones jumped up and pranced around the table to where his wife was seated.

"Don't tell me you're a hen-pecked husband, Constantine Jones!" exclaimed his better-half, bustling up to him bantam-fashion."

"I didn't say I was!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"Don't stand up there and lie to me in that way, you old serpent!"

"Don't you call me a liar again, you —you—vixen, or I'll maul you!"

"You dare to touch me, and I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Hold your tongue, termagant, or I'll—I'll——"

"You will, eh? You don't dare to! I'd just like to see you lay your hands on me, you murderous old beast!"

"Don't dare me, woman, or I'll beat the carpet with you!" snorted Jones, sparring around her like a Pawnee at a war-dance.

"Just try it, and I'll pull every hair out of that pumpkin head of yours!" retorted she, following him about the room.

"Keep away from me, you pestiferous tarantula, or I'll mangle you so that your own mother wouldn't know ye! There now take that, will ye!" and Jones delivered a push that sent his wife sprawling over the rocking-chair.

"And you take that! an' that! an' that!" yelled she, scrambling up and flicung wildly with both hands.

During the hottest of the fight a policeman rushed in upon them and quelled the disturbance, dragging the combatants off to the police station, thus adding one more to the list of "disgraceful affairs" which had so aroused the indignation of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Jones.—*Yankee Blade.*

—First Texan—"Remember Jim Curry, what's killed every man that said he was no gentleman?" Second Texan—"The Curry what killed an actor fer tryin' to protect a lady?" "That's the one. I hear he's got into the penitentiary at last." "Well, well! Whose hoss did he steal?"—*Philadelphia Record.*

## PROMPT DECISION.

**The Power of the Ability to Make Use of Propitious Moments.**

It has been well said that "purpose is the edge and point of character—the superscription on the letter of talent; that character without it is blunt or torpid, and that genius without it is bullion—splendid but uncirculating." Even errors—if they imply nothing criminal or of evil intent—may be translated into something splendid, something magnificent, by virtue of decision. When Mr. Disraeli, in his first great effort in the House of Commons, met not only with unsympathetic listeners, but with contempt so complete that he was compelled to sit down with his oration unfinished, he drew his hat over his eyes, and, with a resolute shake of the head, said to himself rather than to the House of Commons: "The day will come when you will hear me." And in spite of rebuffs, many and severe, he persisted in getting on his legs on every available opportunity, attacked those who had supported, as well as those who had opposed him, and thus, by grand decision and magnificent audacity, he translated his failure into a training for success—a success which, not improbably, future historians will find to be somewhat qualified by the faith which Mr. Disraeli carried to an extreme, based on the conviction that this decision and magnificent audacity could atone for great errors in statesmanship. He certainly never showed that "habitual indecision which has been called the chief evidence of weakness; evincing either a want of capacity to apprehend what is best, or a want of energy to pursue it."

"Strike the iron while it is hot," says the old proverb. There is a propitious moment, when outer circumstances, like the heated iron, are soft and pliant; decision, directed by insight, is as a hammer in the skilled hand to mold them to its pattern.—*Way to Fortune.*

## EXPENSIVE WORK.

**What Gilded Domes Cost in This Country and Russia.**

The dome of the Boston State House is the most conspicuous object in that interesting city, with, from some points of approach, the single exception of Bunker Hill Monument. The gray color of the latter tends in most conditions of the atmosphere to render it imperceptible, while the gilded dome of the State House in gray weather is visible by contrast and in sunshine it sparkles and glistens so as to attract the eye from every direction.

For some years the gilding has been gradually disappearing, and it is now to be regilded. An exchange gives us the following facts: It will take 5,760 books of gold leaf to gild the dome. Each book contains twenty sheets of gold leaf, each sheet containing a little over nine and one-third square inches. The sheets are so thin that one thousand of them laid one on the other make but an inch in thickness. The gold is within a carat of pure, and weighs three and one half pounds Troy. Each book is worth 70 cents, so that the gold leaf alone cost $4,032. It will take fifteen skilled workmen six weeks to do the job.

But what a small and inexpensive transaction is this compared with the scale upon which such work is done in Russia. The great cupola of St. Isaac's Cathedral, in St. Petersburg, is sheeted with copper and overlaid with gold. Its diameter is 66 feet, and 186 pounds of solid gold were used to gild it. The top of this great cupola is 296 feet. But even this amount of gilding is small compared with that on the Church of St. Saviour, at Moscow, which has five immense cupolas gilded with 900 pounds of solid gold.—*Christian Advocate.*

## The Fecundity of Fish.

It has been calculated that, as fish produce so many eggs, if vast numbers of the latter and of the fish themselves were not continually destroyed and taken, they would soon fill up every available space in the seas. For instance, from 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 codfish are annually caught on the shores of Newfoundland. But even that quantity seems small when it is considered that each cod yields about 4,500,000 eggs every season, and that even 8,000,000 have been found in the roe of a single cod. Were the 60,000,000 cod taken on the coast of Newfound left to breed, the 30,000,000 females producing 5,000,000 eggs every year, it would give a yearly addition of 150,000,000,000 young codfish. Other fish, though not equalling the cod, are wonderfully prolific. A herring weighing 6 oz. or 7 oz. is provided with about 30,000 eggs. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and the young it has been estimated that in three years a single pair of herrings would produce 154,000,000. Buffon calculated that, if a pair of herrings could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the globe on which we live.—*N. Y. Post.*

## Traveling on a Trunk.

"Do you know that if a man has a heavy trunk he can sometimes travel a long distance on a railroad without a ticket or any money?" said a young man yesterday who had recently made his way back from Texas, with but a few dollars. "When I reached St. Louis I had but five cents in my pocket, and I did not know a man there I could ask for a loan. I went to the ticket agent, and making know my condition asked him how I could get to Indianapolis. 'Have you a trunk?' he asked. I told him I had, and he said he would introduce me to the conductor. When the conductor came up I was introduced, and he asked me for the check to my trunk, which I gave him, and he then gave me a small ticket, which he said would get my trunk into Indianapolis. I asked him how much the trunk would cost me when I went to get it out, and he said $7. Well, I got through all right, but when I presented the ticket for the trunk, it cost me $9 instead of $7. I have been wondering ever since who got that money, but I didn't care, for I was glad to get back to Indianapolis even on those terms.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## A WOMAN OF POWER.

**The Career of Miss Lee, Now the Petted Wife of Count Waldersee.**

The Countess von Waldersee, who is now the most powerful woman in Europe, began life as a grocer's daughter. Her father was the late David B. Lee, head of the old grocery house of Lee, Dater & Miller. Mary was the only child and was beautiful, ambitious and clever. She was sent to school to the famous Bolton priory on the Sound, which was then the most elegant and exclusive of young ladies' seminaries. Immediately upon leaving school she went abroad and in a short time sent cards home to her schoolmates announcing her marriage to Prince Frederick Emile August of Schleswig-Holstein, a cousin of Queen Victoria. He was not in very good repair, this Prince. He was decidedly damaged in fact, being old and being on the point of putting his second foot in the grave, one having been there some time.

She took this dilapidated scion of royalty to the East in hopes of restoring him, but to quote the sorrowful phrase of the Misses Bolton, who had been her instructress. "He only reached Beyrout to die." Then the widowed Princess, with her beauty and her millions, was pursued by every fortune hunter in Europe and had beside some of the proudest positions and titles offered her. When she relinquished her high rank to marry a Prussian Count her friends began to think that they were mistaken regarding her overweening ambition, but to one of these gossips at Tuxedo, who was in Europe at the time, she said: "Von Waldersee is only a Count now, but wait—with his talents and my money and encouragement he will be something more." The young Count soon became marked in Berlin as a man who knew his business thoroughly. He distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian war, and was German Charge d'Affaires during the occupation of Paris. Meantime the grocer's daughter was not idle. She warmly espoused Bismarck's party as opposed to that of the Crown Princess, and when the former began to foment discord between young William and his mother she was William's confidant and sympathizer. Then William married, and the spirited, intellectual and liberal-minded Crown Princes, who would be a second Elizabeth were she allowed to come to the English throne instead of her fat and dissipated brother, discovered that her daughter-in-law was a dull-witted German haus frau, from whom she could expect no sympathy, and was disposed to rather contemptously pass her over. This the Countess von Waldersee saw and used. William's wife deeply resented her brilliant mother-in-law's contempt and fell back on the Countess for advice, and allowed her to manage her salon as she pleased and for her own uses. When Frederick came to the throne the Von Waldersees were promptly sent into political exile at Vienna, but departed cheerfully, knowing the hour of their triumphal return would not be long delayed. Now Von Waldersee, not yet fifty years old, has succeeded the great Von Moltke, as commander of all the Imperial forces. The Countess is a pet and trusted employe of Bismarck. The Emperor is deeply attached to her and the Empress is her most intimate friend, so that all things considered the New York grocer's daughter is to-day the most powerful woman in Europe.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

## CURE FOR IVY POISON.

**It is Sulphate of Soda, Properly Dissolved and Used as a Wash.**

Poison ivy, while it is very poisonous to some, is entirely harmless to others. Actual contact with the plant is not in all cases necessary to poison a man. Persons are known to have been poisoned by simply passing by places where the vine grows abundantly. Those who are not familiar with these plants will on general principles do well to avoid any vine or bush growing by rocks, fences and wood sides with glossy leaves arranged in trees, and in the fall any particularly brilliant tree in swampy places, with leaves resembling, but slightly broader than the common sumach.

Fortunately ivy poisoning is not a dangerous affection, although persons severely poisoned present a very distressing appearance. No scars or permanent injury to the skin or general system are apprehended in ordinary cases, and no danger of catching it by contact with the eruption upon another person need be feared.

The bruised leaves of the common plantain are an excellent antidote and always convenient. Rub them over the eruptions and bind them on if possible. Fine table salt often effects a cure. Applications of soft soap sometimes affords relief. Sweet oil is one of the surest and most agreeable remedies. Bathe the irritated parts frequently with the oil. A leading physician speaks in the highest terms of sulphite of soda as a remedy, prescribes it for his patients, as he knows its value from personal experience. As to his own case he was completely covered with the poisonous eruptions and tried all the old and new cures without any good resulting from them, until one day a drug clerk gave him ten cents worth of sulphite of soda, dissolved in one pint of water, with which he bathed the parts freely. It acted like magic; it allayed the itching and was very soothing. The cure was complete in a week. Sulphite of soda can be obtained at any drug store, but in ordering it will be well to state that it is sulphite of soda and not sulphate that is wanted, otherwise there is a possibility of getting the latter, which will not answer the purpose."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

—If red clover is cut for seed or is permitted to ripen seed on the ground it will last for several years. When the seed is produced the plant has completed its functions and then the root perishes, but when it is kept mown or fed down it will continue to grow. Naturally red clover is a biennial plant and dies when it has seeded the second year of its growth. The pea vine clover is a perennial and is the best of the clovers for pasture, but it is not suitable for horses, as the late growth causes profuse salivation.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

## WINDOW GARDENING.

**Bulbs for Out-Door Culture and for Winter Blooming.**

Unless one has had some experience, it is hard to select from a catalogue bulbs that will do well for the house. Many of the imported bulbs are dry and worthless, and what are advertised as home-grown are too old to do well in the hands of an amateur, but if your dealer is reliable and can assure you of the freshness of his stock it will be safe to select the following as among the best for winter blooming: Single Tulips, Jonquil, Crocus and Lily of the Valley, Giant Oxalis, both yellow and pink; Fair Lily, a species of Amaryllis, Hyacinths, Cyclamen, a Calla and Prince of Orange Amaryllis. The Tulips, Jonquil, Crocus and Lily of the Valley must be potted in the fall and buried where they will freeze two or three times before they are brought in-doors, then put them in the cellar where they will thaw and become well rooted. When they are well above the soil bring them up and put them in the window, not the most sunny one, but a north or west window and as far from the stove as possible; keep quite moist and you will soon have Crocus, Tulips and Jonquil will follow and Lily of the Valley for the last. Hyacinths should not be grown in glasses, they are unsatisfactory and the bulbs are worthless for future use. Pot them in good rich soil eight or ten weeks before you wish to put them in the window, and bury them in the cellar. When they are rooted sufficiently the tops will push above the ground, and when an inch or two high bring up and give rather more light and heat than the first named bulbs. The Roman Hyacinth is easiest of culture and each bulb will throw up two or three flower stalks.

The Fairy Lily, Oxalis and Freesias need much the same treatment. Four or five bulbs of either kind may be allowed to a five-inch pot; give them good soil, plenty of sun and a good degree of warmth and they bloom very soon. The Freesia is the finest thing I have ever grown for winter blooming, requiring little care, sure to blossom, and beautiful to look at, while nothing can compare with its delicious fragrance.

Procure your Cyclamen of the florist, well started for winter growth; they are very fine and remain in blossom a long time. A Prince of Orange Amaryllis will blossom twice a year, in August and again in December. After the summer blooming set it away in a somewhat cool and dark place, giving little water until the new growth starts, then give plenty of water and a sunny corner and the bud stalk will soon appear. If your Calla does not show signs of blooming after a reasonable time, water quite freely with warm water, nearly as hot as you can bear your hand in.

There is a fascination about the growth of bulbous plants, the unfolding of leaf and bud under one's very eye, that nothing else can give, and I much prefer them to any other class of plants, both for out-of-door culture and and for winter blooming.—*Myra C. Durfee, in Good Housekeeping.*

## HOW TO GET RICH.

**No Virtue in Liberality That Makes Others Wealthy and You Poor.**

There is a very large class of men who are always complaining of the success of rich men. This class seems to regard a rich man as a criminal, as a matter of course. Now there are several ways of becoming rich and some of them are unquestionably criminal. The rich criminal classes are well defined and easily recognized. But wealth and great wealth may be and is accumulated in legitimate ways. As we sometimes walk through our great dry goods stores we notice the crowd that throngs them, and observe the cash boys and cash girls running hither and thither, and the store a veritable hive of industry. Some of the customers who are spending their money freely we know. One is the wife of a man who has a mortgage upon his home that he will never pay. Talk with him and he will say that conditions of society and business are such that the poor get poorer and the rich richer. He mentions, perhaps, the name of the rich owner of the dry goods store in which we saw his wife spending money for what she could easily have done without. He regards the conditions that enable the proprietor of that store to accumulate money so rapidly while he is unable to get money enough to pay his mortgage as monstrously unjust; and yet this man's wife will go on steadily putting this man's money into the pocket of this rich store owner, who could not accumulate wealth the way he is doing it if people like this wife did not spend the money that should go toward the payment of the mortgage that is upon her home.

We know several rich brewers who are getting richer every day, and are making their money in part, and perhaps the greater portion of it, from men who are wild with indignation toward the rich. If people do not spend their money other people can not accumulate it. It is because they spend more than they should, that fortunes accumulate on the one hand and poverty exists on the other. The stingy man, as a rule, becomes rich. He at least does not help other men to become rich, and stinginess is an absolute virtue. The spendthrift is of no benefit to this world. He is an injury to it. He helps make the great fortunes which bode no good to society. He sets a miserable example and travels straight and steadily toward the poorhouse, where finally he lies down on a bed which stingy men must pay for and he is buried in a grave which stingy men buy. The young man shrinks from the "disgrace" of being called stingy. Young friend, there is no virtue in that liberality that makes other men rich and you poor; that puts other men in palaces and you in an almshouse; that enables other people's children to ride in equipages while yours trudge along barefooted.—*Western Plowman.*

—Cull out the flock and fatten for the butcher those sheep which failed at shearing-time to yield a profitable fleece. Lambs that are intended to turn off should be given generous feed.